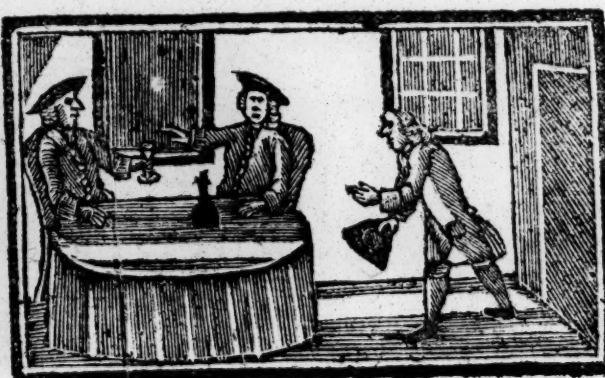


The *DURHAM* Tragedy.

A WARNING - PIECE to all Young LADIES.

Being, A particular Account of a cruel Self-Murder that was committed on last New-Year's-Day, by Mr. *William Chamberlain*.



YOUNG lovers most discreet and wise,
With bleeding hearts and melting eyes,
A sad relation I shall write,
Of one whose beauty's shining bright.

Sufannah Layner was her name,
For love to her young gallants came;
But at the last a squire's son,
Who in short time her favour won.

He brought to her a ring of gold,
Saying, My dearest joy, behold,
Receive this token, love from me,
And let our hearts united be.

The youthful damsel then reply'd,
Should I refuse to be your bride,

Or ever I prove false in love,
Let me a just example prove.

Notwithstanding what was past,
When this young squire came at last,
He did to her new courtship make,
All former vows she strait did break.

He sigh'd and said, What must we part!
So like a dart it pierc'd his heart,
Oh, most inconstant wretch! he cry'd,
Justice on you will be satisfy'd.

He waited till the wedding-day,
And meeting her these words did say:
Tho' you may with another wed,
You are my own, alive or dead.

Your love you shall not long enjoy,
Since you do my life destroy;
When I have given up my breath,
My ghost shall haunt you unto death.

He walked from this curious bride,
And going to a river's side;
Where the next morning he was found,
In his gore-blood upon the ground.

When this news to her was brought,
What destruction her false heart had wrought;
Her eyes they did like fountains run,
Oh, Love, she cry'd, what have I done.

Those vows come fresh into my mind,
No peace of conscience can I find:
There's nothing left, alas, for me,
But the reward of perjury.

As she lamented night and day,
His bleeding ghost was heard to say:
You shall not have one hour's rest,
For I will still your joys molest.

Young lovers now, both far and near,
That do this mournful ditty hear,
See that you are not false in love;
For there is a righteous God above.

That will a double vengeance take,
On those who do no conscience make:
When solemnly you vow and swear,
Henceforth, young lovers, all beware.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in
Aldermay Church Yard, London,